

The London Bus as a Coigne of Vantage.

Miss Kaiser Describes Some of the Types of Character Witnessed in One.

Special Correspondence of The Tribune.

London, Nov. 30.—London has many distinguishing features, and perhaps one of the most striking is comprised in its bus lines and busses. Nowhere in America is there a city that can show a bus as grand, fortunate, winding, crazy, and full of life, such a number of "blind" thoroughfares, such narrow, insufficient sidewalks or such a complexity of ways and means, and north and east, west and south, and so on to the end of the chapter, in its addresses, all tending to confuse the newcomer in finding his way about, to consume his patience and time and drive him, at last, to the protecting wing of a fatherly, though, perhaps, desiring "cabby," who next consumes his cash, a deplorable thing, indeed, unless he chances to be one of those few fortunate mortals who have an abundance of that article. Yet notwithstanding all these queer and puzzling streets, and the apparently consequent difficulty in getting from place to place in a town so quaintly mysterious as this, there is, I believe, no other large city on the face of the globe, where travel and communication from one to all parts of the place, are made so easy and convenient, and above all, cheap in the last degree.

London's Two Greatest Resources.

What would London be without its busses, I wonder? They and the London policemen are the two greatest aids to safe travel, I think, that there are existing here. Of course, as I said before, there are the cabs and cabmen, but they cost so much money. There is also the underground railway, a wonderful boon here, where the surface travel was long ago congested on every street. But its one great drawback is, that it is underground with a vengeance, for a descent into it is a liberal education in all the causes and effects of asphyxiation.

As for the busses, they are of all kinds and descriptions, and run in all directions, all over the surface of London, from seven in the morning until after midnight. There are no special intervals of time, during which one can catch a bus, as they are going so constantly, especially in the main parts of town that a wait of a minute or two, if at all, at a corner where they stop, is all the time required for getting on. Of course, they do not run in a haphazard fashion, just anywhere and everywhere, but each kind of bus has its own particular route, running from one part of town to another distant part and back, plying thus between the two all day long, and one only has to become acquainted with the colors of the different busses, or, if too lazy to do that, simply to read the names of the places on the route of the bus, which are painted on the outside, to know and decide which one to take for any particular destination. Those running on one route are painted red, while those on another are white, and on another yellow, green, blue, white and blue, white and red, and so on, with endless variations; while a very popular and excellent line of busses, of which I know, and on which I often travel, has a large umbrella perched over the driver at a certain angle, and which per-

forms the double office of shielding the driver from the weather and of effectually distinguishing the busses of this line from those of the others. Though it is not their proper title, they gradually become known and spoken of as the "Umbrella busses" and enjoy the reputation of being the most comfortable ones in London, as well as being the ones that give the longest penny ride.

Guarding Against Overcrowding.

Each vehicle of the London bus family, no matter what its color and route, is built for carrying only a certain number of passengers, twenty-six being the limit, there being room inside for twelve and outside on the top for fourteen more. This is the very largest number that is allowed by law to ride on one bus besides the driver and conductor, and if a bus is seen to be overcrowded by even one extra person, a policeman has the right to stop it and arrest its conductor, or report him to the secretary of the company. Even a civilian has that right if he is so far interested in the keeping of the laws as to take the trouble of appearing against the conductor in the matter. So you see the spectacle of a crowded Broadway car, with its dozen or so of outside passengers, looking like so many human leeches clinging to it, is never seen here at all.

Whether the regulation was made for the sake of the horses or of the busses themselves, I do not know, but it is certainly a very good one for both, not to mention the passengers as well.

Another thing peculiar to the London bus is that there is no door, or rather no door that opens and shuts, the entrance being simply an open one all the year around, and I suppose it is good that it is so, for as the bus windows do not open the entrance is its only means of ventilation; save for an occasional contrivance for that purpose, seen in very occasional busses.

Almost all the busses belong to a very large and powerful company, called the "London General Omnibus Company, Limited," which has its busses all over London, running on routes which ramify from center to circumference. It is a very well managed concern, I am told, and certainly one has every reason to believe so, from its service. The horses are always big, powerful animals, well fed and cared for. The driver and conductor are paid a certain fixed salary; the passengers are never overcharged in their fares; and at any time of the day or night a company's inspector is liable to board the bus, examine the conductor's and passengers' tickets, and see that all is according to the rules. Each conductor is numbered, wearing the number where it can be distinctly seen, and passengers are requested, in a notice printed inside the bus, to report him to the secretary of the company should he chance to offer passengers any incivility, fail to pay them due attention, or be remiss in his keeping of the company's rules.

Different Types of Buses.

But there are other busses—with slow, creeping horses and engaging, insinuating drivers on the watch for unwary passengers. These are generally old and rickety vehicles, which fact one does not take note of in the hurry and excitement of catching it, until one is

inside. When, however, the conductor comes to collect the fare, and charges tip-pence for a penny ride, or four-pence for a top-penny ride, it suddenly dawns upon your disgusted intelligence that you have inadvertently got into a "Pirate" or bus that goes on its own hook, or rather that of its conductor, who is its owner, and that it is not a company bus at all. This error can always be guarded against by looking for the words: "London General Omnibus Company" on the outside of the bus, and if they be not there, why, of course, it's a Pirate. There would not be so much that is mortifying in finding one's self on a Pirate, if the extra fare were all the difference, but a Pirate generally goes so slowly that it is an actual waste of precious time to ride, the conductor and driver are not bound to be civil if they haven't a mind to, and the horses are generally so skippy and weak looking that one has a sneaking feeling that he ought in all justice to be created by the first Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals officer that comes along for riding behind them. Sometimes the Pirate conductors are anything but civil, and quite as nice as the nicest company conductors. The bus is generally one of the London company's worst ones, which they have bought, and which they, with the help of the driver, run, taking all they can get for fares, and either sharing it with the driver, who may be half-owner, or giving him a salary. Owning the bus themselves, they are monarch of all they survey, every possible passenger is fair game, and all they get is their own, they get all they can, and how they get it does not much matter to them, though such an arrangement may not be agreeable to their passengers.

Not a Delightful Career.

Taken at its best, the life of these bus conductors and drivers is not a delightful one. They drive from early morning until dark, eating their meals cold on the conveyance, and in severe and stormy weather are afforded little or no shelter from the elements. The driver, of course, has it much harder than the conductor, unless he be one of the favored employees of the "Umbrella Busses," which is the only line which boasts of umbrellas at all. All the rest, though they may have oil skins and rugs in plenty, are not sufficiently shielded, either from the wet or cold, and last winter, which was the coldest that London had seen for many years, not a few bus drivers were discovered frozen to death in their places, and with the lines still in their helpless hand. Both conductor and driver are in every case shabby, for their salaries are, by no means magnificent, their only virtue being their unflinching regularity, and one can see that their sufferings from the cold in winter are intense. Nevertheless the drivers are never at a loss for a new man, for as one falls out of the ranks, killed, perhaps, by long continued exposure, a hundred more are ready and begging with actual prayers for the vacant place. The wages are meagerly, but in this city, where poverty in all its more hideous aspects stares one in the face at every turn, these posts are fought for with a doggedness and a determination and desperation that are terrible to see.

Some Picturesque Characters.

They tell me that it is very peculiar and well-noted comme il faut to keep noticing the people I meet on the street and in the busses. However, I cannot help it, and I dare say it does not matter, but I always have to take note of my bus conductor every day. I always have to think and wonder about him. He is such an interesting personage—shabby, as I said before, and

sometimes obviously ill, though on deck nevertheless. Sometimes, too, he is as brown and evidently as tough as leather, having been seasoned to the outdoor work through years and years of service. He is always cockney, too. Never, in all the hundreds of bus rides which I have had, have I encountered what could be called a "gentleman conductor" for in the end existent over here, no one is a gentleman or gentleman woman who drops his "h's" says "lady" for lady, or "die" for day, and so on. Setting that aside, however, and remembering that "kind hearts are more than coronets," I have many and many a time been permitted to ride on the bus of "one of nature's noblemen," and have been honored to receive his polite and courteous attention while under his thoughtful care. He helps you in so carefully, answering your questions as to route with equal patience and politeness; helps you off again, and carefully directs you on your way if you have still farther to go, and takes on such good care of the old ladies and gentlemen and the poor mothers with children, as they get on and off. Many a time have I wished that I were the Queen of England, that I might carry that little sword of hers about with me, wide incognito on the busses, and sometimes knight a deserving conductor on the spot.

Studies in Human Nature.

Again, there are the jolly, humorous conductors and drivers, not too refined, who chaff each other in friendly way, and sometimes so well that the passengers, try as they may to maintain a properly grave outdoor demeanor, are often fain to break into a smile at some sudden sally of genuine wit. Only the other day I overheard a driver reproaching another in most melting terms for making him move "higher up" the street corner, saying that he had the somewhat unique family of "sixteen children and a widow" to support and therefore needed all the passengers at that corner. It is seldom that any of their chaff is levelled at a passenger, but in extreme cases it is, and to a good purpose, too. For instance, the other day a young man signalled the bus from the middle of the block. We stopped and waited for him to jump on. Now, you must know that a bus rarely stops except at corners; it is a concision on the part of horses, driver and conductor when it does, and people are expected to sufficiently appreciate it to jump on in a very expeditious, if not, dignified manner. We stopped and waited for him to jump on. Now, you must know that a bus rarely stops except at corners; it is a concision on the part of horses, driver and conductor when it does, and people are expected to sufficiently appreciate it to jump on in a very expeditious, if not, dignified manner.

Our young man was very sweetly gotten up, however, with pale glossy waxed moustache, immaculate broadcloth, and a correctly frowsy chrysanthemum in his buttonhole. He picked his way daintily over the road, and then proceeded to mount the stairs to the outside, in a manner best calculated to prevent the bagging of his trousers at the knees, which you may know was more leisurely than not, instead of flinging himself on and up in the approved breakneck way of boarding a London bus. The conductor, collecting fares on the top, fumed at the loss of time, and when the young man was at last in his seat, relieved his feelings by delivering himself to the rest of us in this wise: "Some of these young fops, d'ye know, are worse than any of the ladies. They stop the bus, instead of jumpin' on, as they might do—but law! their mothers says to 'em, 'fore they come out, 'Take care of yourself, dear, and don't go jumpin' on the busses, for fear you'll hurt yourself, d'ye know.' Poor young man! We were all on a broad grin for five minutes after that, and I doubt if he ever was deliberate again.

The Other Kind.

I can recall also, conductors who can only be described by one word as I think



Disorder is an effect, not a cause. Its origin is within; its manifestations without. Hence, to cure the disease the cause must be removed, and in no other way can a cure ever be effected. Warner's SAFE CURE is established on just this principle. It realizes that 99 PER CENT. of all diseases arise from deranged Kidneys and Liver, and it strikes at once at the root of the difficulty. The elements of which it is composed act directly upon these great organs, both as a food and restorer, and, by placing them in a healthy condition, drives disease and pain from the system. For the innumerable troubles caused by unsuitability Kidneys, Liver and Urinary Organs; for the distressing Disorders of Women; for all Nervous Affections, and physical derangements generally, this great remedy has no equal. Its past record is a guarantee for the future. WARNER'S SAFE CURE CO., London, Rochester, Melbourne, Frankfort, Toronto, Paris.

of them—vituperous. They answer sharply, they jerk you up into the bus, they scold and jeer at passengers who do not know exactly the way to go, and they seem to help or direct anyone. I have had such strings of hard language, such volleys of ironical vocal abuse levelled at me by irate conductors as I remember with painful distinctness for weeks after. After all, busses are not for those who wish to hold back their skirts from the contaminating touch of the mob. If you are rich you may luxuriate in cabs, or if you are richer you may have your very own personal victoria, but if you are poorer, you shall travel in the penny bus—your neighbor on one side, perhaps a sweet faced sister of charity; on the other, a painted gilette upon whose tricks of attire you look with a fascination born of wonder and horror, and wish you could look away. There is a clergyman here, a grumpy workman there, some students over yonder, an East Indian in this corner, and in that an absent minded person who sits calmly talking his thoughts aloud, oblivious to everything but his own thoughts, of which he is giving us all the benefit. Down by the door is a man who has taken his ticket, asked the conductor to wake him at such a corner, and then immediately collapsed into slumber, his face and whole body, in fact, indicating terrible fatigue. People sleep, study, and sometimes eat on the bus. It was made for all sorts and conditions of men, and I say: Long live the London bus!

Sadie Estelle Kaiser.

Peruvian Bitters.

LaFayette, Ind., August 6, 1893.

Aunt Rachel Speer: I have been using your Peruvian Bitters of late for malarial fever that I have not been entirely rid for the past two years until now. I must say your bitters beat everything. I used it only six weeks and began to improve the first week. I am now well and hearty and feel young again even now in this very hot weather.

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39c per yard

One lot of changeable and overshot DRESS GOODS value 65 and 75c. For the holiday trade

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One lot of Boucle DRESS GOODS, 45 inches wide; the latest craze; retail price \$1.50. For the holiday trade

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One lot of all wool Henrietta, in all colors, 40 inches wide, 50c. value. For the holiday trade

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Ladies' Kid Gloves in Black, Tans, Grays; well worth \$1.00. For the holiday trade

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Customer after customer has tried to match our 49c. corset; as yet they have never done so for less than 75c.

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A \$7 Cape, fur trimmed, for \$4.98

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A \$12 double-braided Cape for 8.98

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A \$10 Boucle Jacket for 7.50

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A \$14 Fur Cape, special 9.98

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